MARVEL
DOCTOR
STRANGE
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APR

EVERYDAY, PEOPLE PASS BY THIS ODD LITTLE GREENWICH VILLAGE TOWNHOUSE--
--LITTLE SUSPECTING THAT IT IS BOTH HOME AND WORK-PLACE FOR THEIR WORLD'S GREATEST SORCERER!
GATHER 'ROUND ME, CRIMSON CIRCLES FROM THE SPHERE OF CYTTORAK... SEAL THIS CHAMBER AND SUPPORT ME IN THE COMING DIRE ATTACK!
NOW UNLEASH THE DARKLING FORCES FROM THE PITS IN WHICH THEY COWER! COME YE FORTH, STORMS OF SATANNISH— DOCTOR STRANGE DEFIES YOUR POWER!
DEADLY EXCHANGE
STAN LEE PRESENTS:
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BRET BLEVINS- PENCILER
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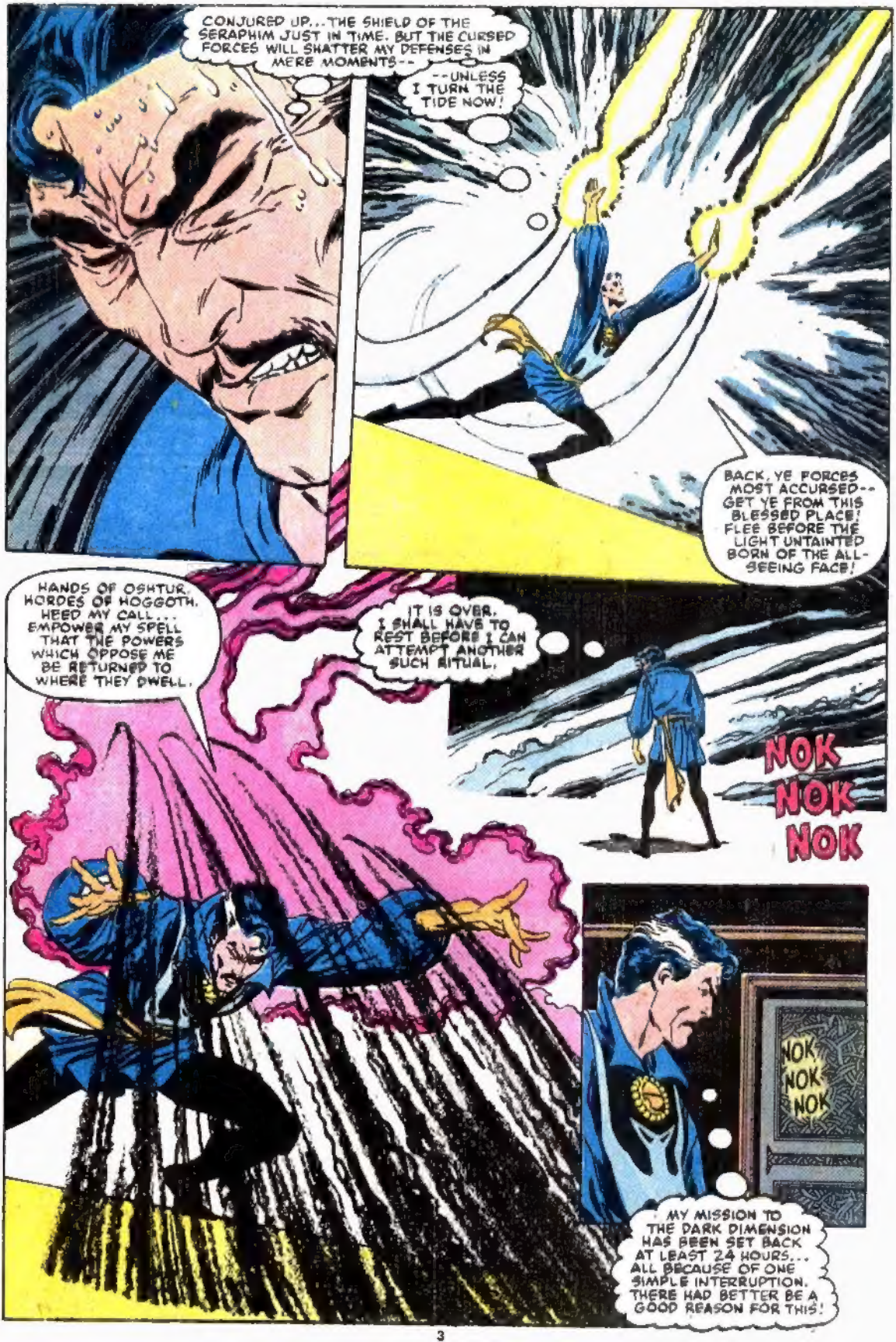
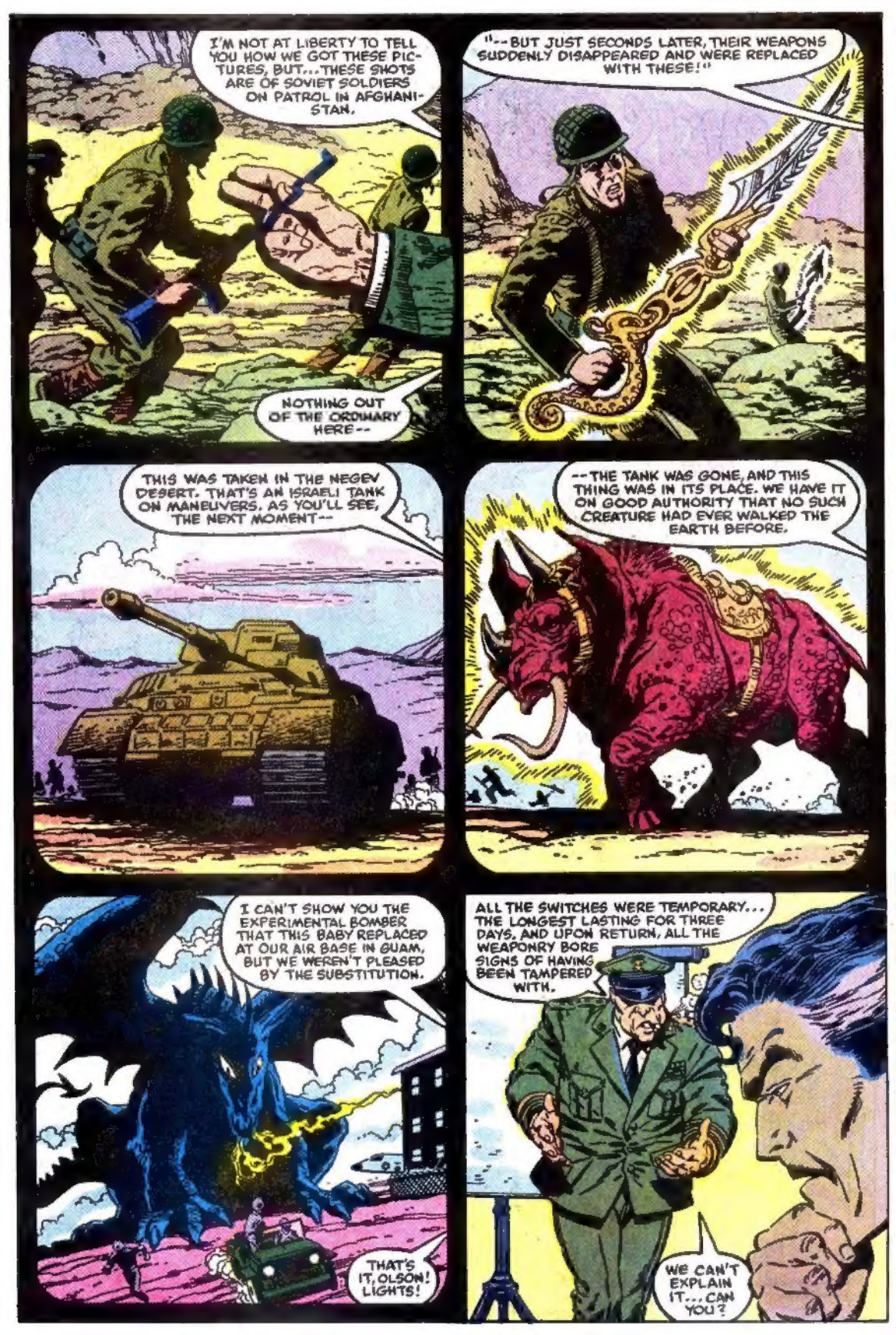
IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, THE SUPREME SORCERER IS ENGULFED IN A TORRENT OF MYSTIC ENERGIES...
THERE IS GREAT RISK INVOLVED IN CALLING FORTH SUCH INFERNAL FORCES. BUT IT IS NECESSARY.
I MUST ENTER THE DARK DIMENSION UNDETECTED, IF I AM TO MEET THE CHALLENGE OF THE MERCILESS UMAR.* BUT TO DO THAT, I MUST FIRST DISGUISE MY OWN MYSTIC AURA.
*SEE LAST ISSUE.
IF I AM CAREFUL EXPOSURE TO THESE FOUL ENERGIES SHOULD TEMPORARILY COLOR MY AURA. IF I AM NOT...
...MY VERY SOUL COULD BE RENT ASUNDER. TIME HAS NOT DIMINISHED THE POWER OF SATANNISH.
IF I YIELD EVEN IN THE SLIGHTEST, I COULD...EH?
NOK
NOK
FOR A SPLIT-SECOND, THE MYSTIC MASTER'S ATTENTION IS DRAWN AWAY...
AND IN THAT INSTANT, HE IS NEARLY OVERCOME!
NO!

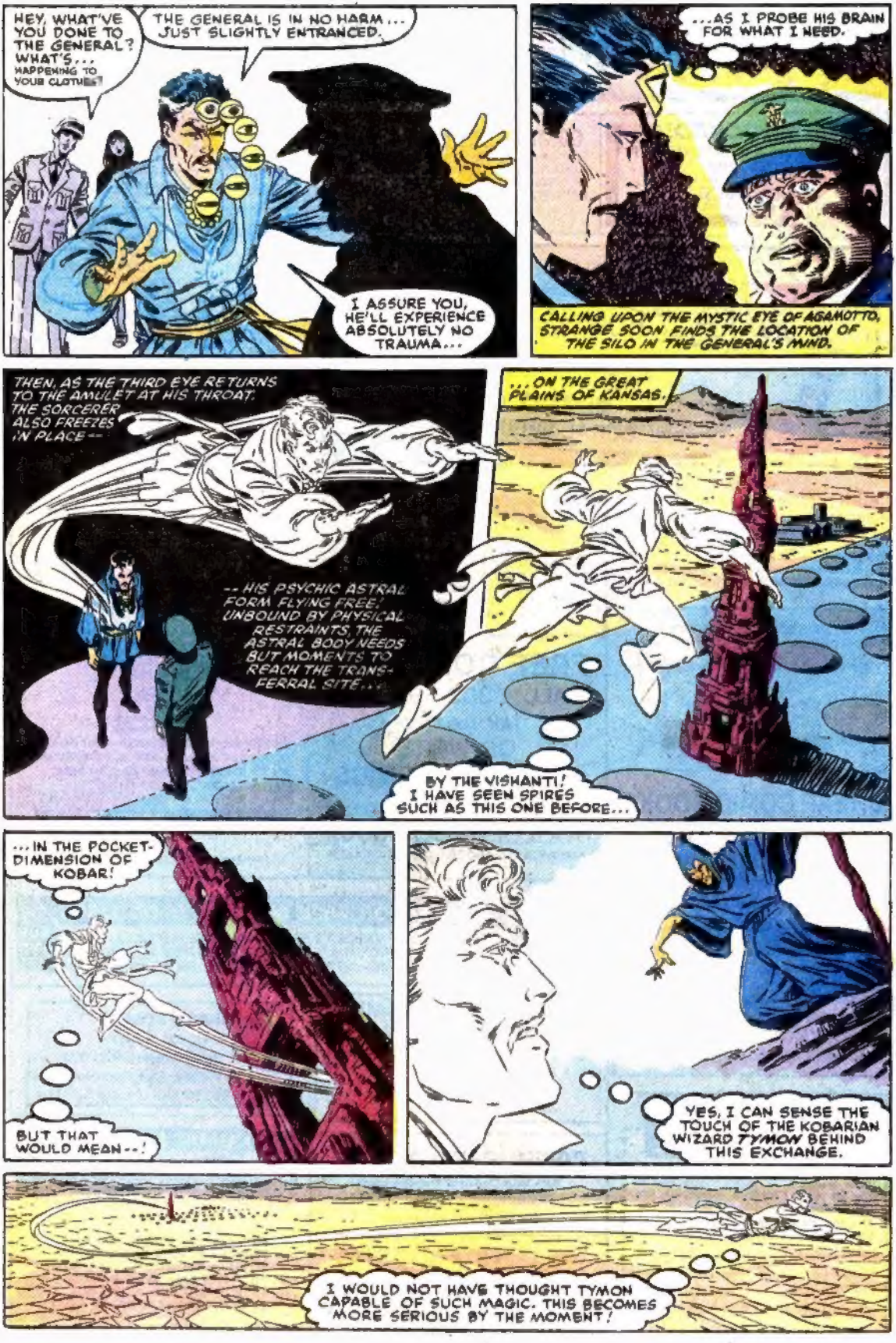

CONJURED UP... THE SHIELD OF THE SERAPHIM JUST IN TIME. BUT THE CURSED FORCES WILL SHATTER MY DEFENSES IN MERE MOMENTS--
--UNLESS I TURN THE TIDE NOW!
BACK, YE FORCES MOST ACCURSED-- GET YE FROM THIS BLESSED PLACE! FLEE BEFORE THE LIGHT UNTAINTED BORN OF THE ALL-SEEING FACE!
HANDS OF OSHTUR, HORDES OF HOGGOTH, HEED MY CALL... EMPOWER MY SPELL THAT THE POWERS WHICH OPPOSE ME BE RETURNED TO WHERE THEY DWELL.
IT IS OVER. I SHALL HAVE TO REST BEFORE I CAN ATTEMPT ANOTHER SUCH RITUAL.
NOK NOK NOK
NOK NOK NOK
MY MISSION TO THE DARK DIMENSION HAS BEEN SET BACK AT LEAST 24 HOURS... ALL BECAUSE OF ONE SIMPLE INTERRUPTION. THERE HAD BETTER BE A GOOD REASON FOR THIS!

IN THE OUTER HALL...
DOC ONCE SAID THAT HIS RITUALS SHOULD ONLY BE INTERRUPTED IN CASES OF EMERGENCY. I HOPE THIS QUALIFIES.
NOK NOK
YES, SARA? WHAT IS IT?
OMIGOD! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
THAT DOESN'T MATTER NOW. I ASSUME YOU HAD A REASON FOR KNOCKING?
Y-YES. YOU HAVE A VISITOR... FROM THE PENTAGON--
"--AND HE SAID THAT NATIONAL SECURITY WAS INVOLVED!"
THIS IS A FINE KETTLE OF FISH!
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THE JOINT CHIEFS SENT ME HERE, OLSON!
SIR?
JUST LOOK AT THIS PLACE... LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A GYPSY TEA ROOM!
IF YOU ASK ME, THIS MYSTIC STUFF IS A BUNCH OF @#%$@!
I'VE HEARD THAT SENTIMENT BEFORE, BUT NEVER IN QUITE THOSE WORDS!
EH?

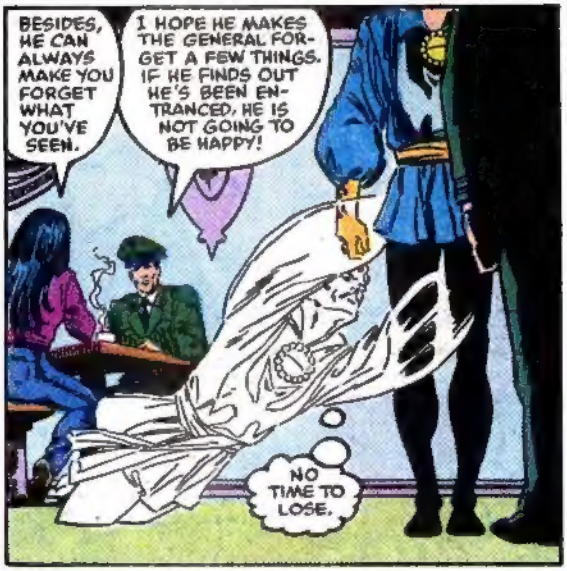
I AM DR. STEPHEN STRANGE. MY BUSINESS MANAGER, MS. WOLFE, TELLS ME YOU WERE SENT TO OBTAIN MY ... AH... EXPERT ADVICE?
DOCTOR, THIS IS GENERAL HOYT EMERSON AND HIS AIDE, LT. OLSON.
GENTLEMEN... HOW MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE?
GOOD QUESTION, DOCTOR. THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE TO FIND OUT.
I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO LEAVE, MISSY. I HAVE INFORMATION THAT I'M AUTHORIZED TO DIVULGE ONLY TO THE DOCTOR.
SURE, NO PROBLEM.
SET UP THE SCREEN, OLSON.
YESSIR.
BEFORE WE GET STARTED, DOCTOR, LET'S GET A FEW THINGS STRAIGHT. I'M HERE ONLY BECAUSE A BRITISH NATO COMMANDER SUGGESTED THAT YOU BE CONSULTED... AND I WAS ORDERED TO BE THE CONTACT MAN.
PERSONALLY, I DON'T BELIEVE IN ANY OF THIS MUMBO-JUMBO.
YOU'VE MADE YOUR BELIEFS QUITE CLEAR, GENERAL... IF NOT YOUR MISSION.
I'M COMING TO THAT, OLSON... DOUSE THE LIGHTS!


I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO TELL YOU HOW WE GOT THESE PICTURES, BUT...THESE SHOTS ARE OF SOVIET SOLDIERS ON PATROL IN AFGHANISTAN.
NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY HERE--
"--BUT JUST SECONDS LATER, THEIR WEAPONS SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED AND WERE REPLACED WITH THESE!"
THIS WAS TAKEN IN THE NEGEV DESERT. THAT'S AN ISRAELI TANK ON MANEUVERS. AS YOU'LL SEE, THE NEXT MOMENT--
--THE TANK WAS GONE, AND THIS THING WAS IN ITS PLACE. WE HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT NO SUCH CREATURE HAD EVER WALKED THE EARTH BEFORE.
I CAN'T SHOW YOU THE EXPERIMENTAL BOMBER THAT THIS BABY REPLACED AT OUR AIR BASE IN GUAM, BUT WE WEREN'T PLEASED BY THE SUBSTITUTION.
THAT'S IT, OLSON! LIGHTS!
ALL THE SWITCHES WERE TEMPORARY... THE LONGEST LASTING FOR THREE DAYS, AND UPON RETURN, ALL THE WEAPONRY BORE SIGNS OF HAVING BEEN TAMPERED WITH.
WE CAN'T EXPLAIN IT... CAN YOU?

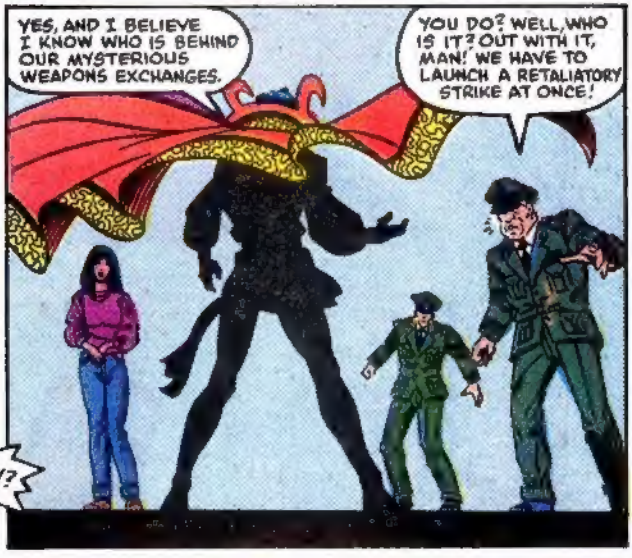
WELL, ON THE SURFACE, THIS LOOKS LIKE A CASE OF EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL TRANSFERRAL... BUT I'M NOT CERTAIN OF THE EXCHANGE SOURCE.
IN OTHER WORDS, YOU CAN'T HELP US! I KNEW IT!
DON'T PUT WORDS IN MY MOUTH, GENERAL. I NEED TO KNOW MORE BEFORE I CAN--!
PARDON ME IF I'M INVADING ANYONE'S SECURITY, BUT THERE'S A CALL FOR YOU, GENERAL.
WONDERFUL!
YES, THIS IS GENERAL EMERSON.
WHAT?!?
TROUBLE, GENERAL? ANOTHER EXCHANGE?
Y-YES. ONE OF OUR MISSILE SILOS HAS BEEN TAKEN--REPLACED WITH... SOMETHING. THEY STOLE A WHOLE BLASTED SILO--MISSILE... WARHEADS... CREW... EVERYTHING!
A SERIOUS SITUATION, TO BE SURE... BUT THIS MAY BE THE CHANCE WE NEED, GENERAL. I MUST INSPECT THE TRANSFERRAL SITE AT ONCE. WHERE IS IT?
I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT... THE LOCATION IS SECRET... CLASSIFIED. YOU'LL HAVE TO GET SPECIAL CLEARANCE...
THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT. I'M SORRY, GENERAL... I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME!
DUUD
>WHU--?<


HEY, WHAT'VE YOU DONE TO THE GENERAL? WHAT'S... HAPPENING TO YOUR CLOTHES?
THE GENERAL IS IN NO HARM... JUST SLIGHTLY ENTRANCED.
I ASSURE YOU, HE'LL EXPERIENCE ABSOLUTELY NO TRAUMA...
...AS I PROBE HIS BRAIN FOR WHAT I NEED.
CALLING UPON THE MYSTIC EYE OF AGAMOTTO, STRANGE SOON FINDS THE LOCATION OF THE SILO IN THE GENERAL'S MIND.
THEN, AS THE THIRD EYE RETURNS TO THE AMULET AT HIS THROAT, THE SORCERER ALSO FREEZES IN PLACE--
--HIS PSYCHIC ASTRAL FORM FLYING FREE! UNBOUND BY PHYSICAL RESTRAINTS, THE ASTRAL BODY NEEDS BUT MOMENTS TO REACH THE TRANSFERRAL SITE...
...ON THE GREAT PLAINS OF KANSAS.
BY THE VISHANTI! I HAVE SEEN SPIRES SUCH AS THIS ONE BEFORE...
...IN THE POCKET-DIMENSION OF KOBAR!
BUT THAT WOULD MEAN--!
YES, I CAN SENSE THE TOUCH OF THE KOBARIAN WIZARD TYMON BEHIND THIS EXCHANGE.
I WOULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT TYMON CAPABLE OF SUCH MAGIC. THIS BECOMES MORE SERIOUS BY THE MOMENT!

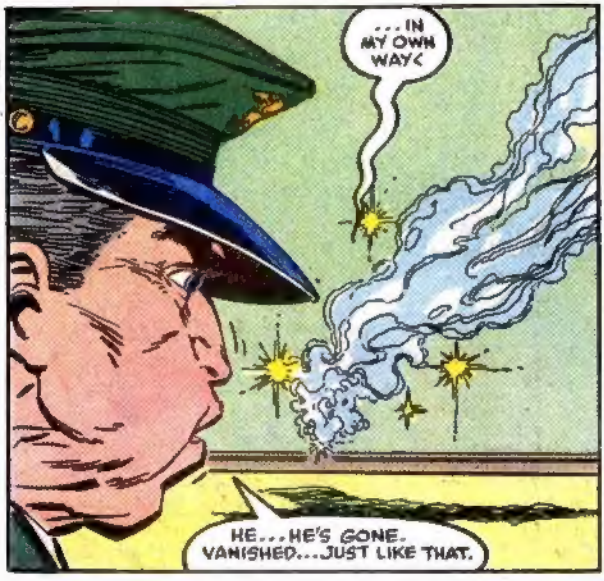
MEANWHILE...
AND YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT HE WAS WEARING THAT CRAZY OUTFIT ALL THE TIME? HE JUST MADE US THINK HE WAS DRESSED NORMALLY?
UH-HUH. HE MUST'VE FELT THERE WAS NO HARM IN LETTING YOU SEE HIM AS HE REALLY IS.

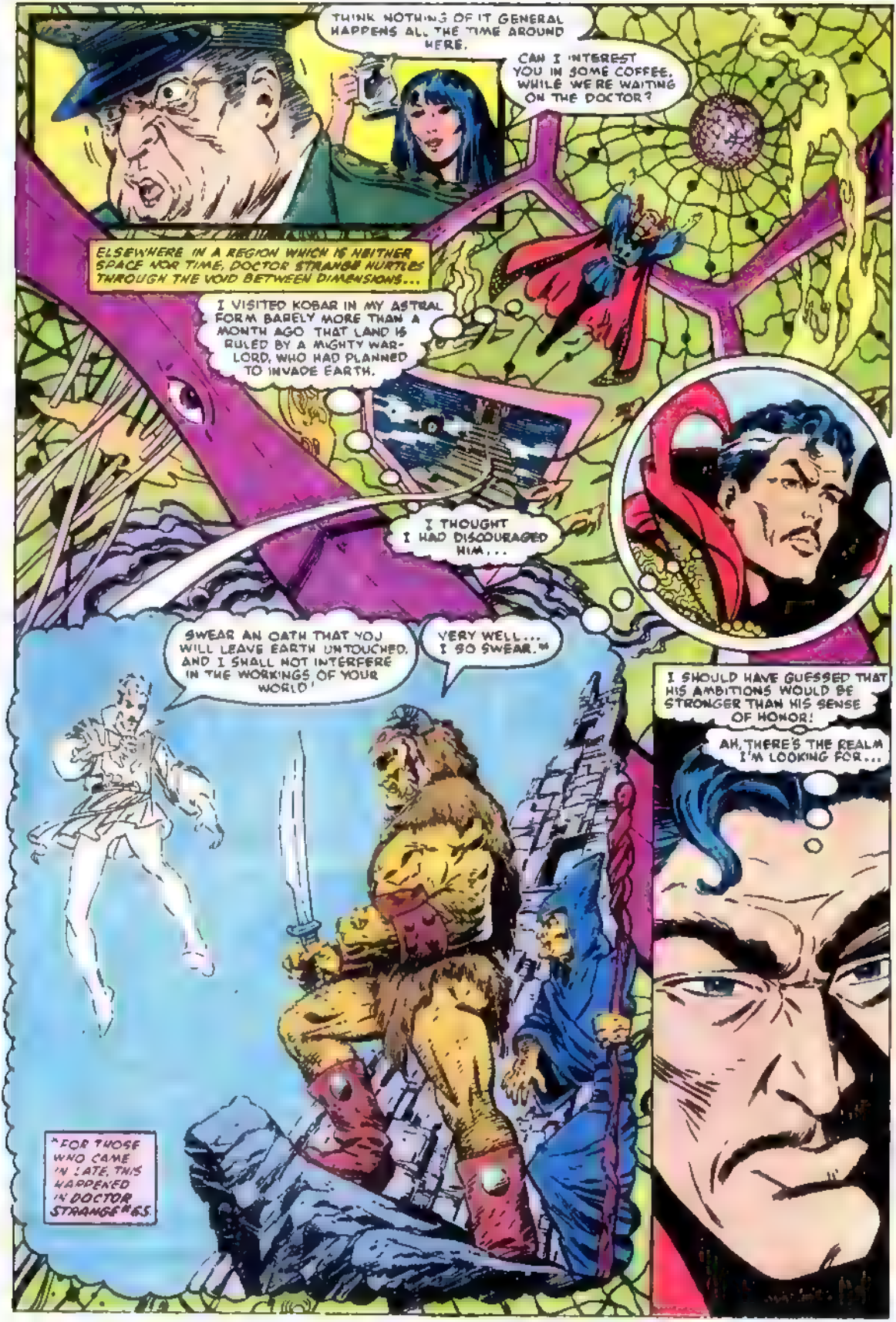

BESIDES, HE CAN ALWAYS MAKE YOU FORGET WHAT YOU'VE SEEN.
I HOPE HE MAKES THE GENERAL FORGET A FEW THINGS. IF HE FINDS OUT HE'S BEEN ENTRANCED, HE IS NOT GOING TO BE HAPPY!
NO TIME TO LOSE.

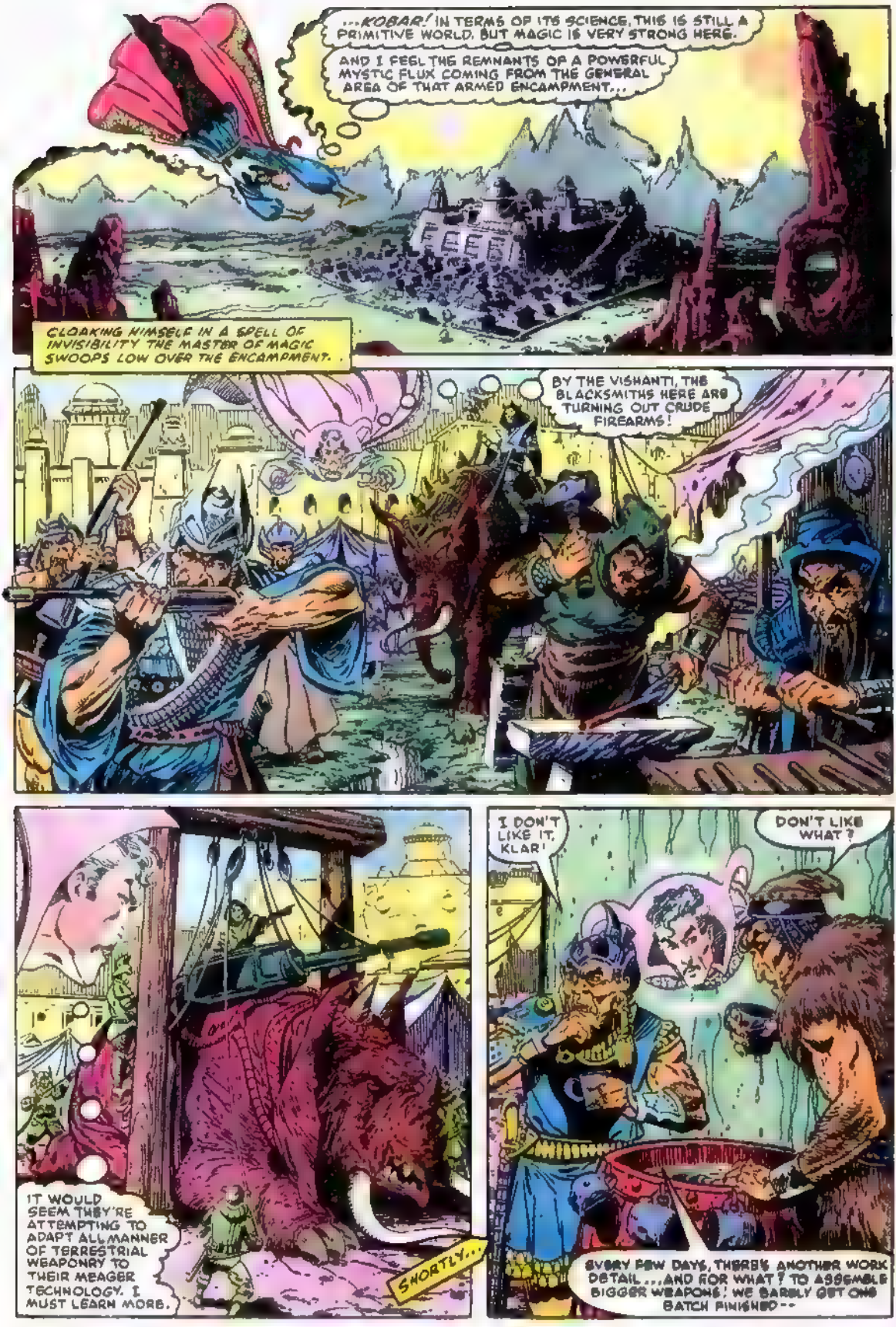
IN THE NEXT INSTANT, STRANGE MERGES WITH HIS BODY AND RELEASES THE GENERAL FROM HIS TRANCE. AND THEN...
EH? WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON HERE?! AND WHAT'S THAT?!?
MY CLOAK OF LEVITATION, I CALLED IT FORTH ON MY WAY BACK FROM KANSAS.
KANSAS?!?

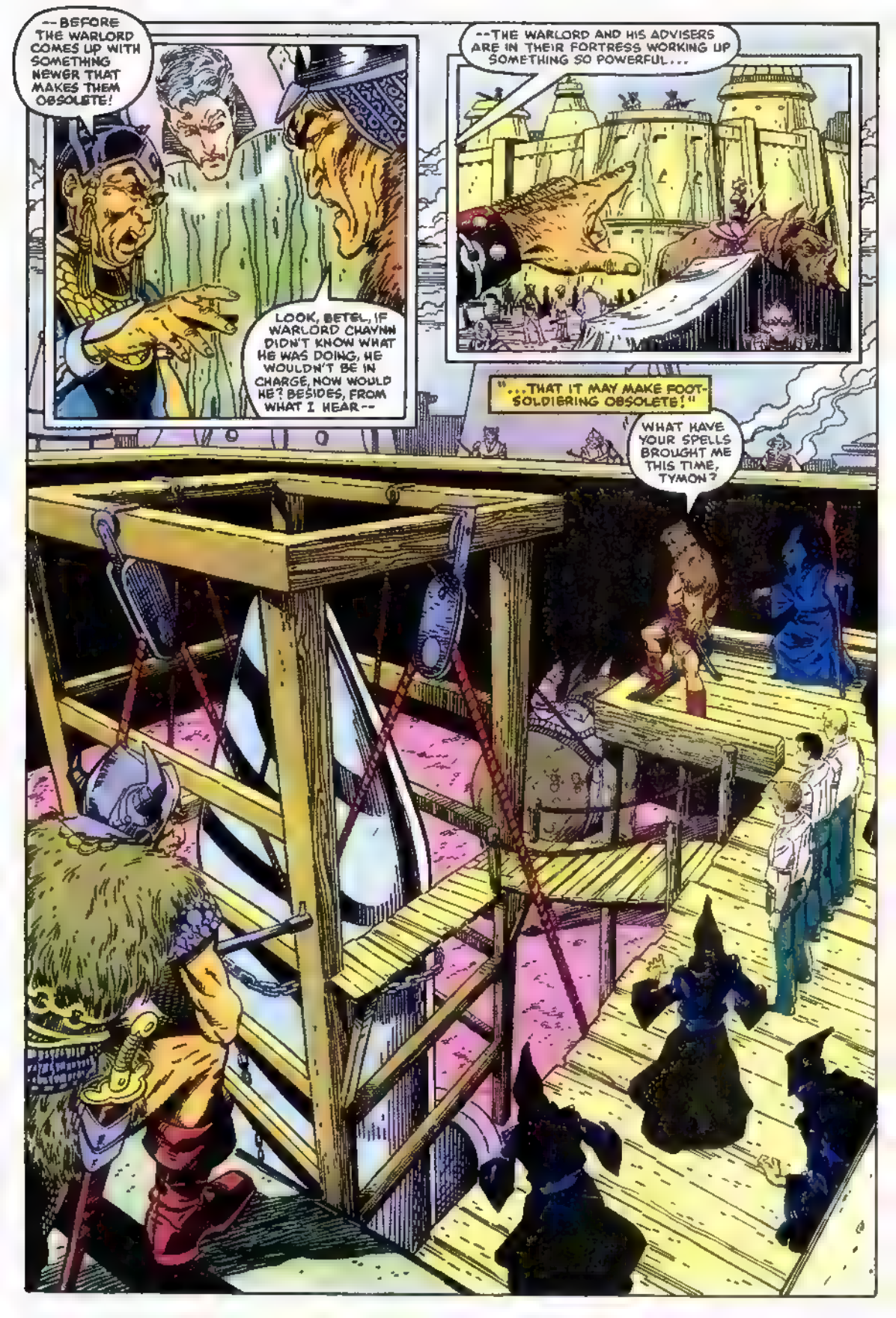

YES, AND I BELIEVE I KNOW WHO IS BEHIND OUR MYSTERIOUS WEAPONS EXCHANGES.
YOU DO? WELL, WHO IS IT? OUT WITH IT, MAN! WE HAVE TO LAUNCH A RETALIATORY STRIKE AT ONCE!

THAT WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE, GENERAL. I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO LET ME DEAL WITH THIS...

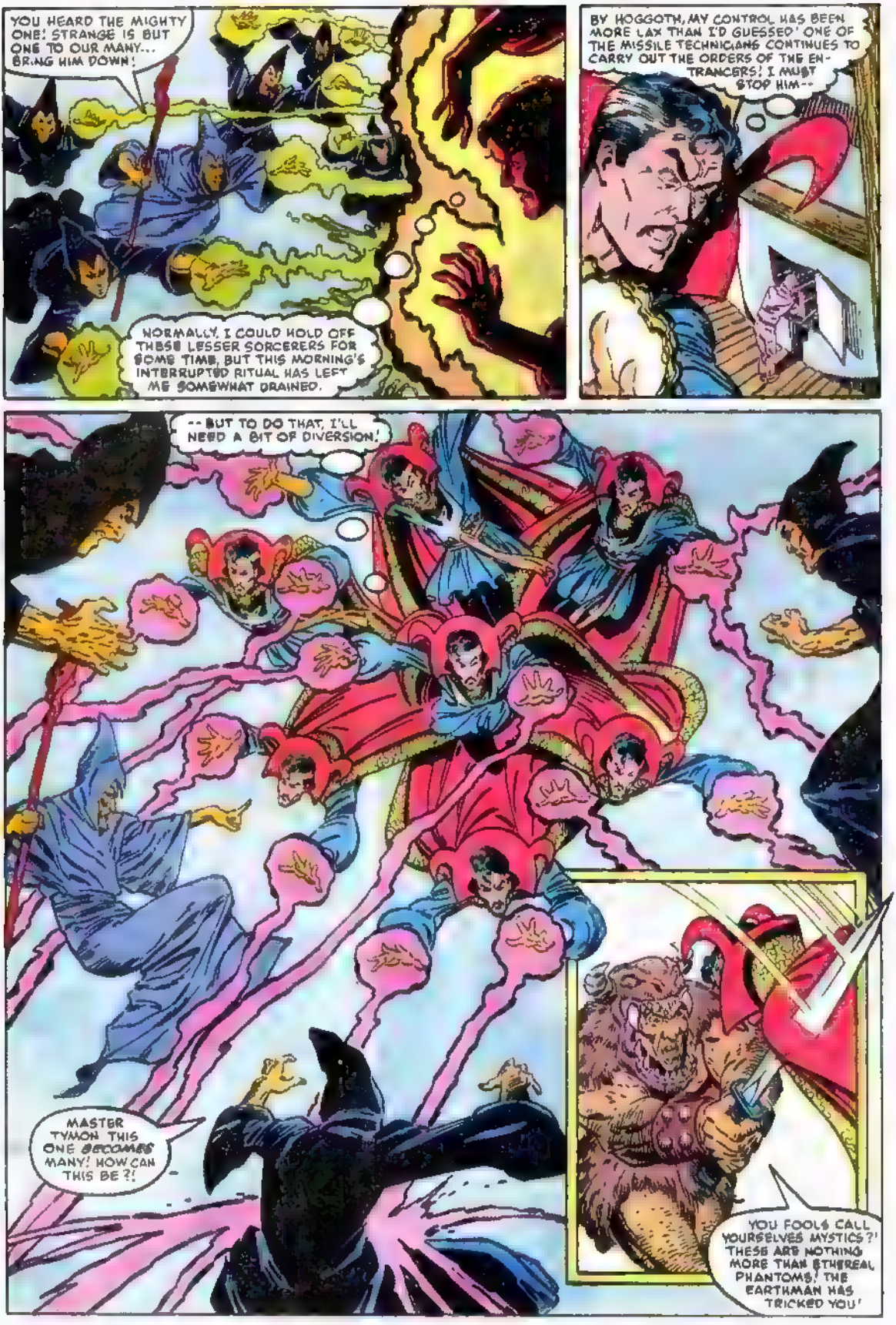

...IN MY OWN WAY<
HE...HE'S GONE. VANISHED...JUST LIKE THAT.


THINK NOTHING OF IT GENERAL HAPPENS ALL THE TIME AROUND HERE.
CAN I INTEREST YOU IN SOME COFFEE, WHILE WE'RE WAITING ON THE DOCTOR?
ELSEWHERE IN A REGION WHICH IS NEITHER SPACE NOR TIME, DOCTOR STRANGE HURTLES THROUGH THE VOID BETWEEN DIMENSIONS...
I VISITED KOBAR IN MY ASTRAL FORM BARELY MORE THAN A MONTH AGO. THAT LAND IS RULED BY A MIGHTY WAR-LORD, WHO HAD PLANNED TO INVADE EARTH.
I THOUGHT I HAD DISCOURAGED HIM...
I SWEAR AN OATH THAT YOU WILL LEAVE EARTH UNTOUCHED, AND I SHALL NOT INTERFERE IN THE WORKINGS OF YOUR WORLD!
VERY WELL... I SO SWEAR.*
I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT HIS AMBITIONS WOULD BE STRONGER THAN HIS SENSE OF HONOR!
AH, THERE'S THE REALM I'M LOOKING FOR...
*FOR THOSE WHO CAME IN LATE, THIS HAPPENED IN DOCTOR STRANGE #65

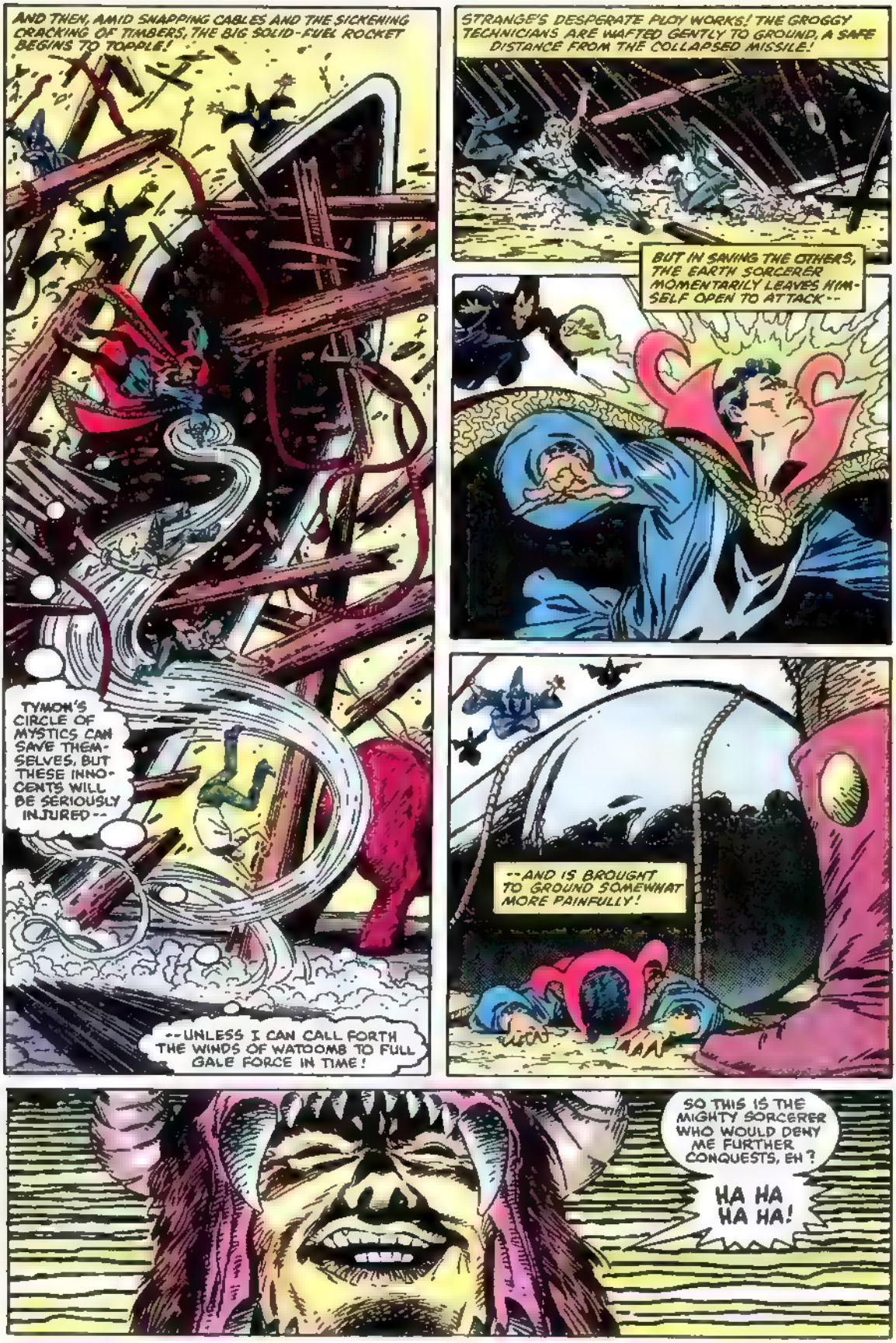

...KOBAR! IN TERMS OF ITS SCIENCE, THIS IS STILL A PRIMITIVE WORLD. BUT MAGIC IS VERY STRONG HERE.
AND I FEEL THE REMNANTS OF A POWERFUL MYSTIC FLUX COMING FROM THE GENERAL AREA OF THAT ARMED ENCAMPMENT...
CLOAKING HIMSELF IN A SPELL OF INVISIBILITY THE MASTER OF MAGIC SWOOPS LOW OVER THE ENCAMPMENT..
BY THE VISHANTI, THE BLACKSMITHS HERE ARE TURNING OUT CRUDE FIREARMS!
IT WOULD SEEM THEY'RE ATTEMPTING TO ADAPT ALL MANNER OF TERRESTRIAL WEAPONRY TO THEIR MEAGER TECHNOLOGY. I MUST LEARN MORE.
SHORTLY...
I DON'T LIKE IT, KLAR!
DON'T LIKE WHAT?
EVERY FEW DAYS, THERE'S ANOTHER WORK DETAIL ...AND FOR WHAT? TO ASSEMBLE BIGGER WEAPONS! WE BARELY GET ONE BATCH FINISHED--


--BEFORE THE WARLORD COMES UP WITH SOMETHING NEWER THAT MAKES THEM OBSOLETE!
LOOK, BETEL, IF WARLORD CHAYNN DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING, HE WOULDN'T BE IN CHARGE, NOW WOULD HE? BESIDES, FROM WHAT I HEAR--
--THE WARLORD AND HIS ADVISERS ARE IN THEIR FORTRESS WORKING UP SOMETHING SO POWERFUL...
"...THAT IT MAY MAKE FOOT-SOLDIERING OBSOLETE!"
WHAT HAVE YOUR SPELLS BROUGHT ME THIS TIME, TYMON?

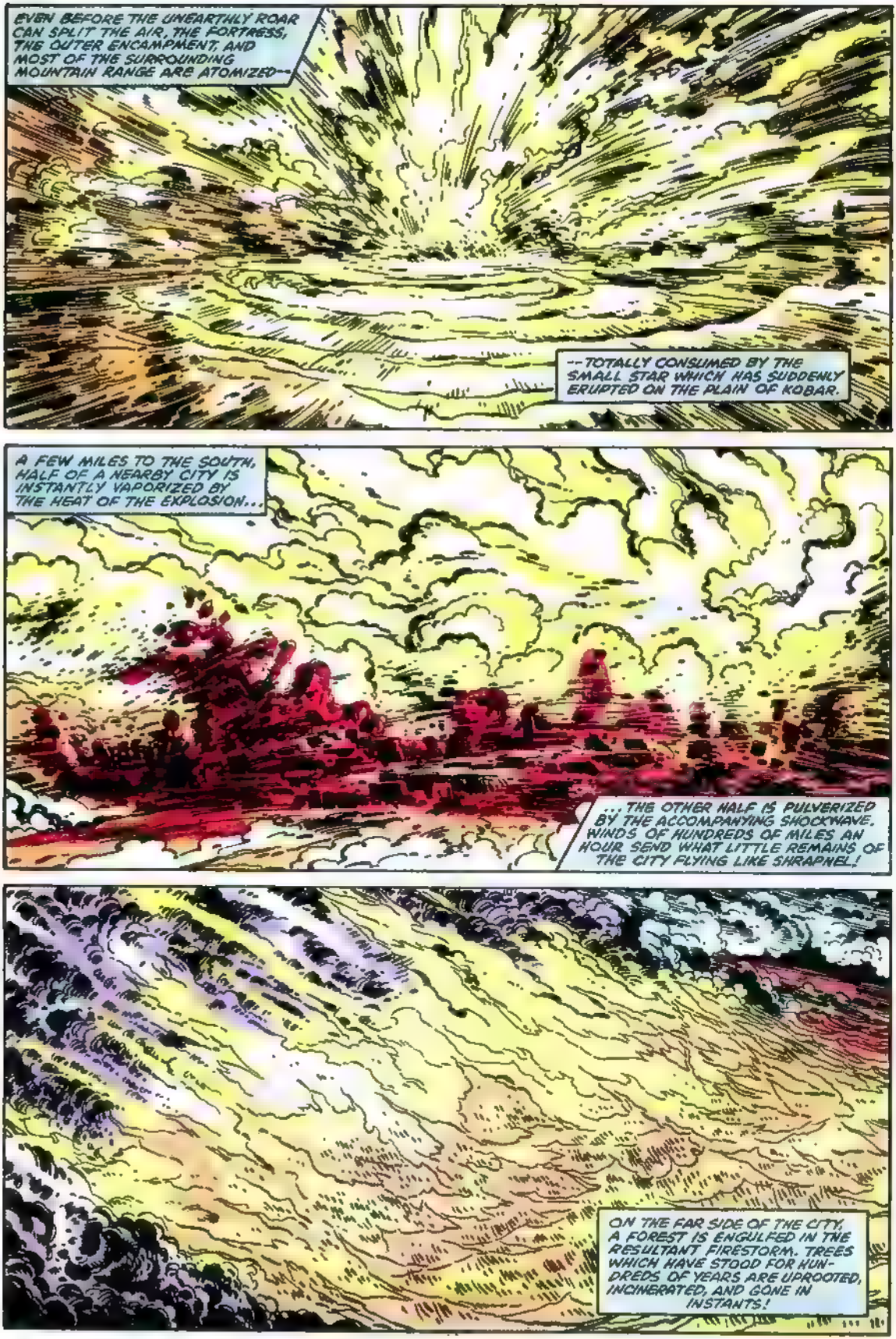
THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE THE GREAT TOWER OF MARAZHED, THAN SOME WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION!
APPEARANCES DECEIVE, O MIGHTY ONE! I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DIVINE THAT THIS "MISSILE" COULD HURL ITSELF THROUGH THE HEAVENS AND STRIKE ENEMIES ACROSS A WORLD!
REALLY?
THEN WE MUST LEARN HOW IT WORKS!
AT ONCE, GREAT CHAYNN! ONE OF MY APPRENTICES HAS THE MISSILE'S TENDERS UNDER HIS POWER!
GO FORTH, EARTHMEN! PREPARE YOUR WEAPON...SHOW US ITS INNERMOST SECRETS!
SO, TYMON HAS AN ENTIRE CIRCLE OF MYSTICS UNDER HIS COMMAND! THAT EXPLAINS HOW HE WAS ABLE TO WIELD ENOUGH POWER TO CONTROL THE SPELLS OF TRANSFERRAL.
THAT WILL BE QUITE ENOUGH, NOVICE! BY THE HANDS OF OSHTUR, LET YOUR HOLD BE BROKEN!
BY THE GRID! WE ARE ATTACKED!
DOCTOR STRANGE!
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! MY PROBES SHOWED HIM TO BE OCCUPIED WITH OTHER MATTERS! HE SHOULD NOT HAVE DISCOVERED OUR SPELLS!
I'LL HEAR YOUR EXCUSES LATER, TYMON! ALL THAT MATTERS NOW IS THAT THE EARTH SORCERER BE STOPPED!

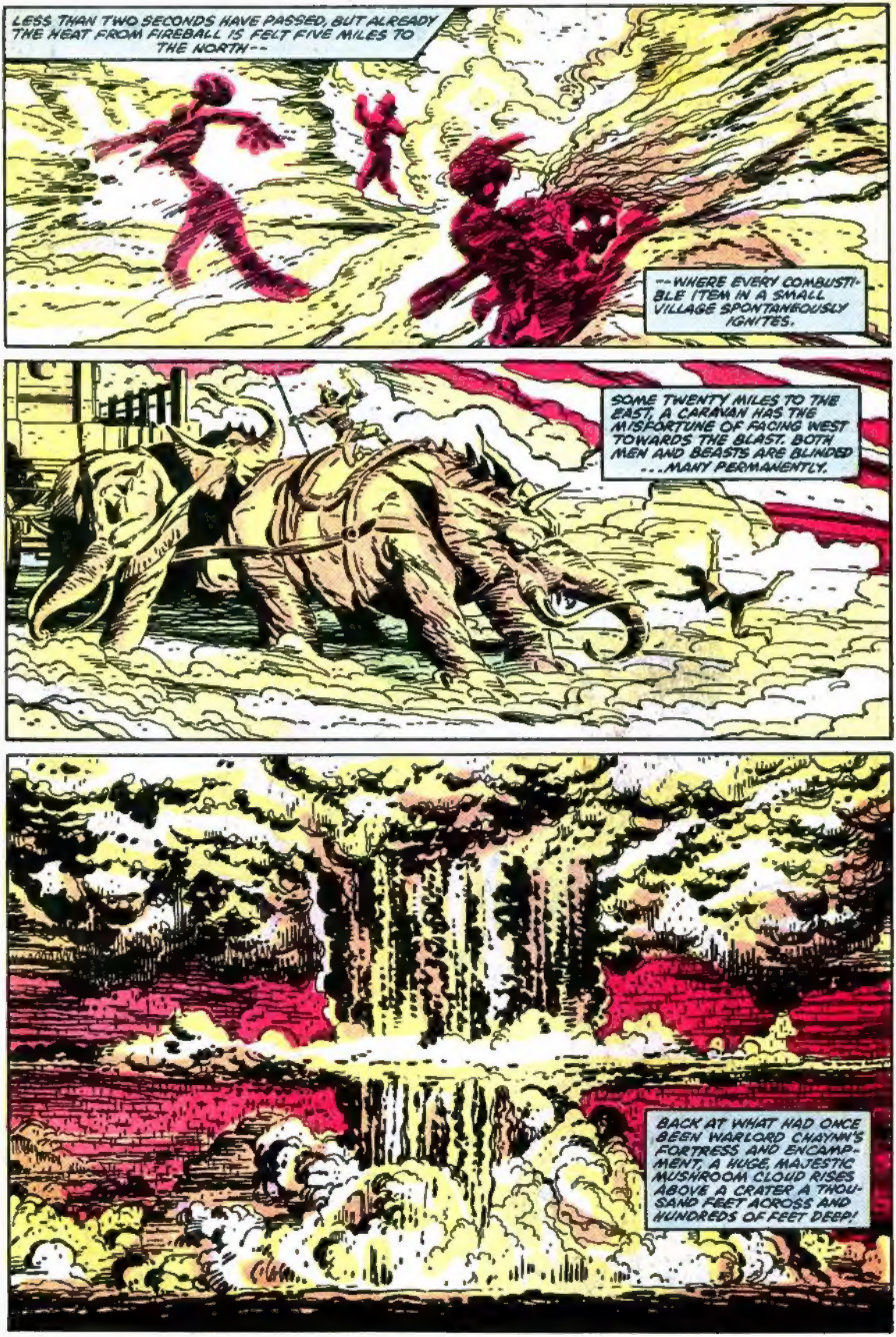

YOU HEARD THE MIGHTY ONE! STRANGE IS BUT ONE TO OUR MANY... BRING HIM DOWN!
NORMALLY, I COULD HOLD OFF THESE LESSER SORCERERS FOR SOME TIME, BUT THIS MORNING'S INTERRUPTED RITUAL HAS LEFT ME SOMEWHAT DRAINED.
BY HOGGOTH, MY CONTROL HAS BEEN MORE LAX THAN I'D GUESSED! ONE OF THE MISSILE TECHNICIANS CONTINUES TO CARRY OUT THE ORDERS OF THE ENTRANCERS! I MUST STOP HIM--
-- BUT TO DO THAT, I'LL NEED A BIT OF DIVERSION!
MASTER TYMON! THIS ONE *BECOMES* MANY! HOW CAN THIS BE?!
YOU FOOLS CALL YOURSELVES MYSTICS?! THESE ARE NOTHING MORE THAN ETHEREAL PHANTOMS! THE EARTHMAN HAS TRICKED YOU!

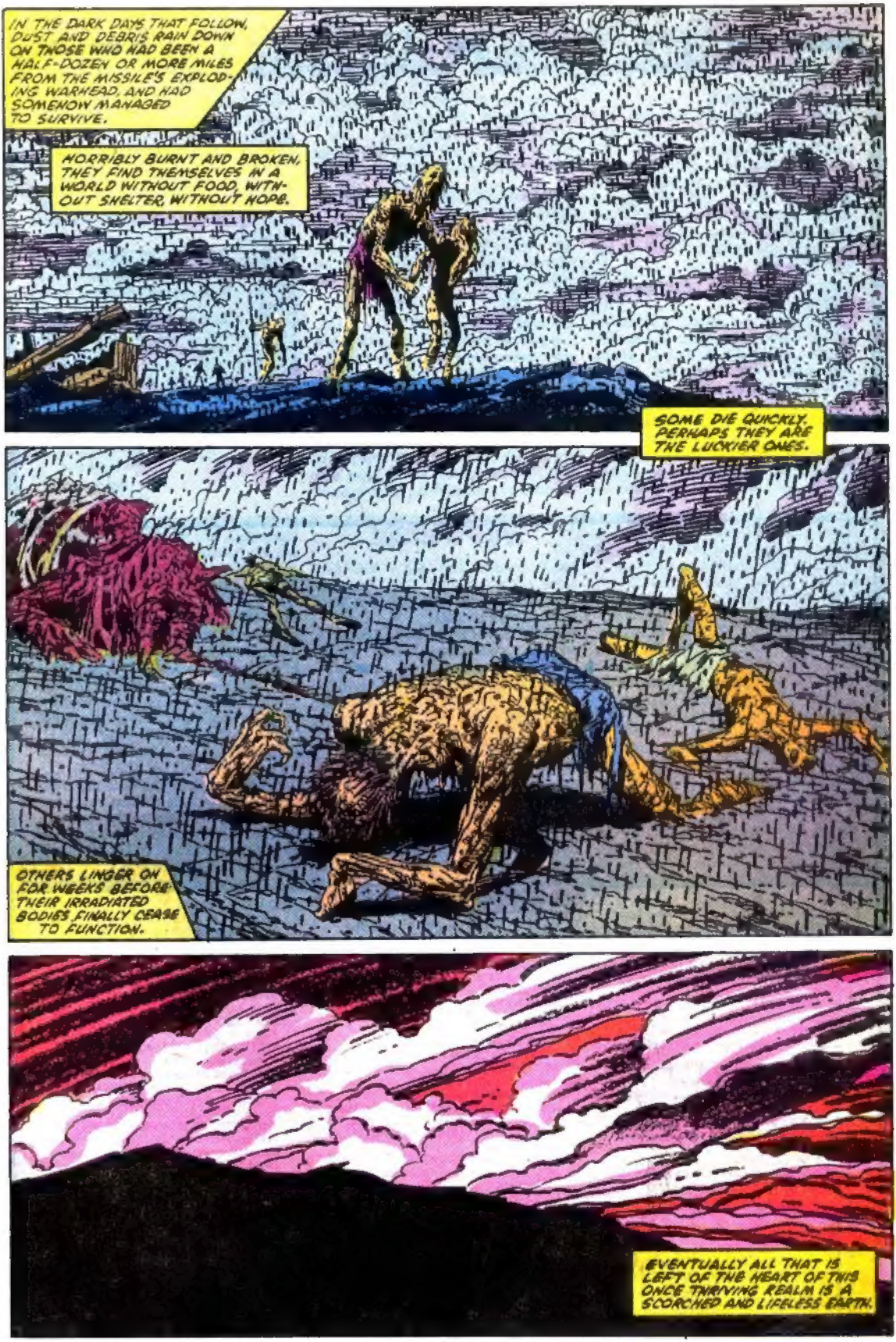
MEANWHILE, AGAIN HIDDEN FROM SIGHT...
MY MULTIPLE-BODY ILLUSION SHOULD KEEP THEM OFF GUARD LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO RELEASE THIS ONE FROM HIS SPELL!
HUH? WHAT AM I DOING?!?
THE MISSILE! DIRECT YOUR BOLTS OF DEVILMENT THERE--
--AT THE OTHER EARTHMEN! IF OUR FOE IS NOT THERE ALREADY, HE IS BOUND TO GO TO THEIR AID!
IT'S TIME TO DROP MY INVISIBILITY SPELL AGAIN... THE STRAIN IS TOO MUCH IN MY CURRENT STATE.
WHERE ARE WE? WHAT'S GOING ON?
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW! GET YOUR FELLOW WORKERS UNDER COVER--QUICKLY!
GATHERING HIS WILL, STRANGE CONJURES UP SHIELDS WHICH EASILY DEFLECT THE MYSTIC ATTACK FROM THE SLOWLY AWAKENING TECHNICIANS. BUT IN ALL THE CHAOS AN ERRANT BOLT OBLITERATES A CRUCIALLY PLACED PULLEY...


AND THEN, AMID SNAPPING CABLES AND THE SICKENING CRACKING OF TIMBERS, THE BIG SOLID-FUEL ROCKET BEGINS TO TOPPLE!
TYMON'S CIRCLE OF MYSTICS CAN SAVE THEMSELVES, BUT THESE INNOCENTS WILL BE SERIOUSLY INJURED--
--UNLESS I CAN CALL FORTH THE WINDS OF WATOOMB TO FULL GALE FORCE IN TIME!
STRANGE'S DESPERATE PLOY WORKS! THE GROGGY TECHNICIANS ARE WAFTED GENTLY TO GROUND, A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE COLLAPSED MISSILE!
BUT IN SAVING THE OTHERS, THE EARTH SORCERER MOMENTARILY LEAVES HIMSELF OPEN TO ATTACK--
--AND IS BROUGHT TO GROUND SOMEWHAT MORE PAINFULLY!
SO THIS IS THE MIGHTY SORCERER WHO WOULD DENY ME FURTHER CONQUESTS, EH?
HA HA HA HA!

HE WILL BE NO FURTHER THREAT, MIGHTY CHAYNN! WE SHALL SEE TO THAT!
SIR, WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH THESE THREE?
RELEASE THEM.
AS YOU WISH!
BRING THEM BACK UNDER THRALL, TYMON!
HAVE THEM CONTINUE TO SHOW US HOW TO MAKE THEIR MISSILE WORK!
AT ONCE, SIRE!
HOLD IT! ARE YOU GUYS NUTS? WE'RE LUCKY THAT BIRD DIDN'T SPLIT RIGHT OPEN WHEN IT FELL! THERE'S A NUKE ON THAT THING!
WHEN THAT CAPED GUY BROUGHT ME AROUND, I'D ALREADY STARTED ARMING THE WARHEAD! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT COULD HAPPEN IF IT STARTED TO--?!
BZZBZZZZZZ
EH?


EVEN BEFORE THE UNEARTHLY ROAR CAN SPLIT THE AIR, THE FORTRESS, THE OUTER ENCAMPMENT, AND MOST OF THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAIN RANGE ARE ATOMIZED--
--TOTALLY CONSUMED BY THE SMALL STAR WHICH HAS SUDDENLY ERUPTED ON THE PLAIN OF KOBAR.
A FEW MILES TO THE SOUTH, HALF OF A NEARBY CITY IS INSTANTLY VAPORIZED BY THE HEAT OF THE EXPLOSION..
...THE OTHER HALF IS PULVERIZED BY THE ACCOMPANYING SHOCKWAVE. WINDS OF HUNDREDS OF MILES AN HOUR SEND WHAT LITTLE REMAINS OF THE CITY FLYING LIKE SHRAPNEL!
ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE CITY, A FOREST IS ENGULFED IN THE RESULTANT FIRESTORM. TREES WHICH HAVE STOOD FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS ARE UPROOTED, INCINERATED, AND GONE IN INSTANTS!


LESS THAN TWO SECONDS HAVE PASSED, BUT ALREADY THE HEAT FROM FIREBALL IS FELT FIVE MILES TO THE NORTH--
--WHERE EVERY COMBUSTIBLE ITEM IN A SMALL VILLAGE SPONTANEOUSLY IGNITES.
SOME TWENTY MILES TO THE EAST, A CARAVAN HAS THE MISFORTUNE OF FACING WEST TOWARDS THE BLAST. BOTH MEN AND BEASTS ARE BLINDED ...MANY PERMANENTLY.
BACK AT WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN WARLORD CHAYNN'S FORTRESS AND ENCAMPMENT, A HUGE, MAJESTIC MUSHROOM CLOUD RISES ABOVE A CRATER A THOUSAND FEET ACROSS AND HUNDREDS OF FEET DEEP!


IN THE DARK DAYS THAT FOLLOW, DUST AND DEBRIS RAIN DOWN ON THOSE WHO HAD BEEN A HALF-DOZEN OR MORE MILES FROM THE MISSILE'S EXPLODING WARHEAD, AND HAD SOMEHOW MANAGED TO SURVIVE.
HORRIBLY BURNT AND BROKEN, THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN A WORLD WITHOUT FOOD, WITHOUT SHELTER, WITHOUT HOPE.
SOME DIE QUICKLY. PERHAPS THEY ARE THE LUCKIER ONES.
OTHERS LINGER ON FOR WEEKS BEFORE THEIR IRRADIATED BODIES FINALLY CEASE TO FUNCTION.
EVENTUALLY ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE HEART OF THIS ONCE THRIVING REALM IS A SCORCHED AND LIFELESS EARTH.

NOOOO!!
THE MENTAL LINK I FORGED BETWEEN THE MISSILE TECHNICIANS AND THE OTHERS PRESENT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN MOST EFFECTIVE.
I BELIEVE THEY HAVE "SEEN" ENOUGH.
THANK ETERNITY, I WAS ABLE TO SLIP FROM MY PHYSICAL BODY JUST BEFORE IT TUMBLED TO EARTH. IT MAY BEAR A FEW BRUISES...
...BUT GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, THAT IS A SMALL SACRIFICE.
YOU... STRANGE... YOU MADE US SEE THAT... FEEL THAT!
I DID.
WHAT WE EXPERIENCED ...WAS NOT A LIE?
THIS WEAPON COULD TRULY CAUSE ALL THAT TO HAPPEN?
IT COULD.
AND YOUR WORLD KEEPS... MANY SUCH WEAPONS?
THOUSANDS, I AM TOLD.
MADNESS!

LATER...
THE SILO'S BACK, JUST LIKE THAT? I SEE... SOME DAMAGE TO THE ROCKET? WELL, IF THE PERSONNEL ARE UNHARMED, WHAT DID THEY SAY ABOUT--? WHAT?!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THEY DON'T REMEMBER WHERE THEY WENT?
THAT WAS THEIR WISH... ALTHOUGH I DID LEAVE THEM SOME SUBCONSCIOUS RECOLLECTIONS OF THEIR EXPERIENCE.
SO! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP, MR. MAGIC!
YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO, BUB!
I DOUBT THAT YOU'D BELIEVE WHAT I MIGHT TELL YOU, GENERAL. SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT OUR WORLD'S WEAPONRY IS IN NO FURTHER DANGER.
THE MAN WHO WAS EXAMINING THEM HAS HAD A CHANGE OF HEART. HE NO LONGER WANTS ANY PART OF THEM... OR US.
ONE MAN WAS BEHIND THIS? WHO IS HE? HOW'D HE DO IT? WHERE--?
HIS NAME WOULD MEAN NOTHING TO YOU. YOU WILL SIMPLY HAVE TO ACCEPT MY WORD THAT HE WANTS NOTHING MORE TO DO WITH OUR WORLD.
YOU SEE, HE THINKS US ALL TO BE QUITE MAD.
AND I AM VERY MUCH AFRAID THAT HE MAY BE RIGHT.
End?